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CHANGE AT THE NATIONS

WITH OTHER POETRY

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A

GLANCE AT THE NATIONS,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

3 3
"O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!"

BURNS.

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RUSSELL, ODIORNE, AND METCALF.

1835.
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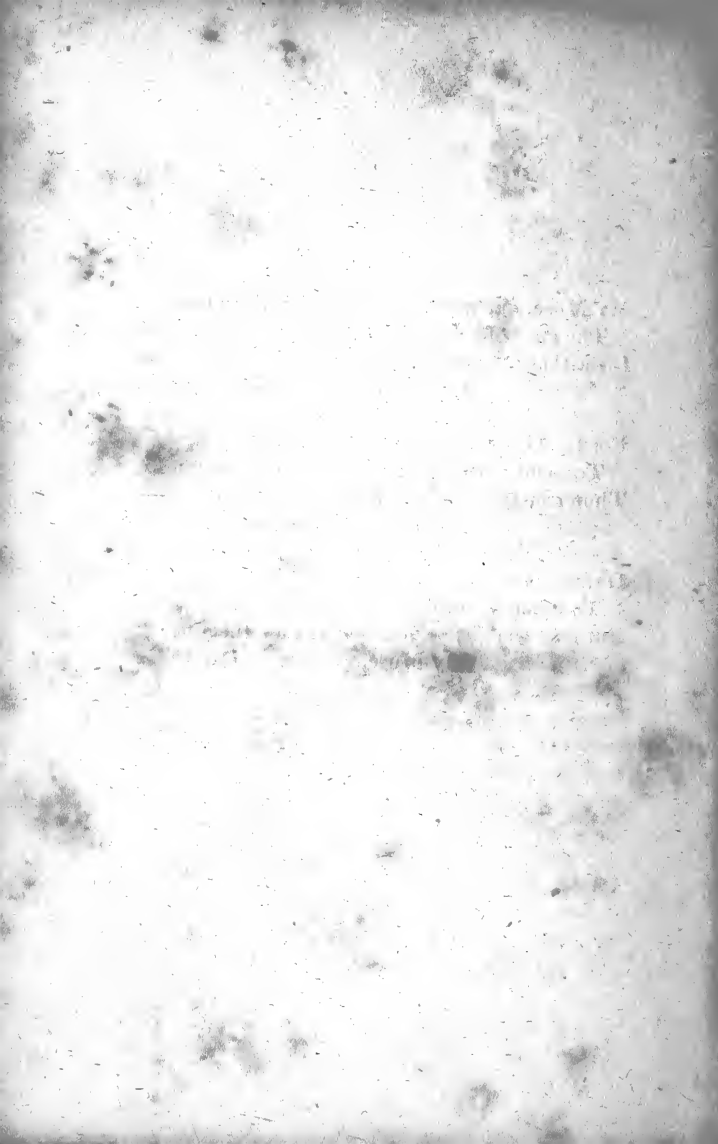
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My Muse, oh, wilt thou venture forth to meet
The gaze of all; withdrawing from the shade?
I fear that thou wilt sigh for thy retreat,
And wish thou ne'er hadst strayed.

For thou dost not possess the magic art
To paint with skill each fair poetic flower;
Thou canst portray the feelings of this heart, —
And dost not aim at more.

Oh, may none view thee with a critic's eye,
To a harsh world thy many faults to tell;
But may the glance of kindness pass them by:
My Muse, oh, fare thee well!



A GLANCE AT THE NATIONS.

No warrior flushed with conquest doth appear,
Before whose steps the nations shrink with fear,
To boast the power and glory of his reign,
And glut his vision with his millions slain.
No politician with his eagle ken
Pierces the hearts of government and men;
Turning it oft-times to his own account,
To teach him just the moment when to mount.
Nor midst this ocean of tumultuous strife,
Whose every wave is formed of human life,
Doth the philosopher with sense profound,
Steer his small skiff, and sometimes run aground.
In truth no mighty spirit dwells in her,
Who floats o'er earth on wings of gossamer;
Pausing awhile o'er scenes that catch her eye,
And breathing forth full oft the heartfelt sigh.
Hers is a soul that mourns for all below;
That mourns for Sin, the cause of all our woe:
'T is Sin, alas! that doth the world enchain,
And Desolation follows in his train.

If Sin were banished, what a world were this!
 Almost transformed into a scene of bliss;
 Peace here would fix her tranquil, calm abode,
 And love to man would spring from love to God.
 E'en sickness then in gentler form would come,
 And death but bear us to our heavenly home;
 That home where, joined by those we loved before,
 Sad separation can be known no more.

“ And is there then o'er this vast globe no spot
 Where Sin (destroyer of mankind) is not? ”
 The inquiring spirit eastward wings her way
 To where proud Europe doth her realms display;
 She seeks the land where breathes the softest air,
 Whose sky is brightest; say, — what finds she
 there?

She looks abroad to view the myrtle bower,
 Scents the sweet fragrance of the orange flower;
 She lists to hear the sprightly, sweet guitar;
 What sounds are those? alas! the cries of war: —
 Where vines should flourish, there are fields of dead,
 And blood hath dyed the pure, white blossoms red:
 Fell Civil War, with Bigotry doth stand,
 Still fastening fetters on that wretched land.
 Oh! who can save thee, poor, afflicted Spain?
 Oh! who can break thy worse than iron chain?
 Not all the saints in heaven: — but God alone,
 The Almighty Saviour, the Eternal One;
 Confess to Him, He will thy sins forgive;
 Ask Him for life, and he will bid thee — live;

Then will indeed thy many sorrows cease,
 Beneath the smile of Heaven's own Prince of
 Peace.

My spirit now hath borne me o'er the sea,
 To the fair shores of once famed Italy.
 It ne'er was mine to search out ancient lore,
 The learning of past ages to explore ;
 But I have heard that 'neath this sunny sky,
 For a long season dwelt sweet Poesy ;
 That Oratory here, with diamond pen,
 Graved glowing words upon the hearts of men ;
 That Painting bade departed deeds revive,
 And 'neath the magic of the pencil live :
 And Sculpture too caused the cold marble form,
 To seem with life and animation warm.
 But more than all, (it hath been told to me,)
 There was a time when ancient Rome was free.
 (I mean that she was free from many ills
 With which dread Tyranny his chalice fills.)
 In later time she reigned o'er half the globe,
 Decked with her gorgeous crown and scarlet robe ;
 And darkly did her frown of vengeance lower,
 On all who ventured to resist her power.
 " From her fair land had Sin been forced to fly,
 That she was blest with such prosperity ? "
 You misinterpret, I ne'er called her *blest*,
 For she was working still her own unrest ;
 Though the imperial crown adorned her brow,
 She was as wretched then as she is now :

Though from her God no chastisement was sent,
 Still her own passions proved her punishment ;
 She kindled in her breast the flames of hell,
 That soon became fierce and unquenchable.
 True, — then she loudly of her state did vaunt,
 And now — she's sunk to beggary and want ;
 Then — she was drunken with the blood of saints,
 Now — her flesh trembles and her spirit faints.
 But of her ancient days, by guilt o'ercast,
 I'll speak no more, no more I'll sing the past ;
 The present is enough with sorrow fraught,
 Arrests the mind, and claims each wandering
 thought.

Divided by the nations as their prey,
 Poor Italy is piecemeal rent away ;
 Her sons are now a low, degraded race,
 Too abject e'en to feel their own disgrace:
 All but a few, a little patriot band,
 Who vainly strove to raise their native land.
 Where are these patriots? and these poets where?
 In Austria's dungeons, you must seek them there:
 Her Christians too? (for Italy hath some,
 To light the otherwise impervious gloom,)
 By fetters bound, within their dread abode,
 They sought for consolation from their God ;
 Oft to his throne their contrite prayers ascend,
 And He becomes their Comforter and Friend.
 Just view this sketch of one superior mind,*
 Noble, accomplished, and of taste refined:

* Count Oroboni. See "Silvio Pellico."

(A fellow captive doth the tale relate,)
 He 'd dragged his wasted body to the grate,
 That overlooked the cemetery drear,
 Where those were buried who had perished there:
 And thus his friend addressed (the ideas given
 Prove he was man, but man prepared for heaven.)
 "That spot which soon must take my mortal part,
 Strange that the sight thus chills me to the heart;
 It seems as though my bones would easier lie
 Beneath the soil of much loved Italy.
 But I must banish such a thought as this,
 'Tis wrong, 'tis foolish, and I feel it is;
 When we our worn-out garments cast away,
 Why should we care for just as worthless clay?"
 And when upon his last hard pallet laid,
 Of his approaching death, the sufferer said,
 "Against that solemn hour, I long have strove
 To fit my spirit for the realms above:
 Thanks be to God, — Himself hath shown the way
 To the blest regions of eternal day.
 But oh! one earthly wish doth still remain,
 I fain would visit my sweet home again;
 There to behold my aged father's face,
 There to be folded in a last embrace,
 To lay my aching head upon his breast,
 Receive his blessing, and then sink to rest.
 But thou, who gav'st for me thy only Son,
 Thy will, oh! gracious God, not mine be done."
 But once again the youthful martyr spoke,
 Just as the golden bowl of life was broke.

“ Oh! I forgive my enemies,” he cried,
 “ Forgive them from my heart,” — then calmly
 died.

His spirit now released from every woe,
 Doth nought, save happiness eternal, know.
 Will Austria's sovereign thus resign his breath! *
 Thus tranquil sink into the arms of death?
 Oh, Austria! thine will be a fearful fate,
 If thou dost slight repentance till too late:
 And Russia, too, thy proud compeer in guilt,
 Whose hands are crimson with the blood she's
 spilt.

The cries of Poland and of Italy,
 Your dread accusers, have been heard on high ;
 Humble yourselves, ye empires, in the dust,
 Though God is merciful, still He is just:
 Let the oppressed prisoner go free,
 And to the lowly Jesus bend the knee.
 Oh! seek the Almighty Saviour whilst you may,
 Thus shall your many crimes be washed away ;
 'Tis only He who can the curse remove,
 And true repentance ever wins His love.

Hail to the mountains and the vales of Greece,
 Be — love — your banner, and your watchword —
 peace ;

Ye have received the messengers of God,
 Oh! may your voices sound His praise abroad.

* This was written previously to the death of the late Emperor.

Your ancient temples that in ruins lie,
 Whose beauties still attract the admiring eye,
 May they again to the true God arise,
 The great, the mediatorial sacrifice.
 You 've felt the agony of woe and strife,
 Your souls are hungry for the bread of life,
 "Oh! come to me, ('tis Christ the terms doth
 give,)

Repent, believe, love, and obey, and live."
 Then your oppressors, all their rancor o'er,
 Will seek to vex and trouble you no more ;
 Won by your works of faith, and love, and zeal,
 Their moslem hearts will the soft influence feel ;
 They will esteem their former glory loss,
 And cast their crescent low before the cross.

Now have I reached proud Europe's eastern line,
 Must I return and there my view confine?
 My spirit, say — or may I still advance,
 And o'er the whole of outspread Asia glance?
 In truth it makes no difference to her,
 The soul is no exact geographer ;
 She visits distant regions, in a thought,
 As quick returns, with the idea she caught.
 Then onward still, and view that wondrous land,
 Whence man first sprung, formed by Jehovah's
 hand.

A mighty scene is placed before my eyes,
 -The past, the present, and the future rise!

Here flourished once the garden of the Lord,
 With every good, with every beauty stored ;
 Imagination cannot paint the spot ;
 It is enough to say — There Sin was not :
 But oh ! man fell, and since that dreadful day,
 All trace of it hath passed from earth away.
 And here Jerusalem was firmly built,
 Known for her many blessings and her guilt,
 And for her anguish too, beneath the rod
 Of a long-suffering, but avenging God.
 Jerusalem, alas ! what art thou now ?
 Thy manifold transgressions laid thee low :
 Oh ! how the pitying Jesus wept o'er thee,
 Foreseeing what thy punishment would be ;
 Such as on earth had ne'er been known before,
 And such as earth will never witness more.
 Her pleasant palaces are all o'erthrown,
 Her walls are broken, and her towers cast down ;
 Of her loved temple not a stone remains,
 Her many children torn from her in chains,
 And widely scattered by Jehovah's hand
 Throughout all nations, and in every land ;
 Whilst she was left to be a spoil and prey,
 And strangers bore whate'er she loved away.
 By Gentile nations trodden under feet,
 For many ages ('t was a judgment meet ;)
 Crushed and degraded, from her glory hurled,
 She yet survives, a wonder to the world.
 But God hath mercy still in store for her,
 He will descend and be her Comforter ;

And "when the time, yea, the set time, hath
come,"

Then will the sons of Judah seek their home.
When they have learned to call on Him who died,
And humbly fall before the Crucified ;
Then will the Saviour hear, and quick restore,
The ancient people to their land once more :
Her sons and daughters will return from far,
Led onward by the "bright, the morning Star."
Their God will build again Jerusalem,
So fondly, e'en in exile, loved by them ;
With added splendor all her ruins raise,
"Her walls salvation, and her portals praise."
Soon may the rising of that glorious day,
Disperse the clouds that would conceal its ray ;
(For all of Asia's lands are covered o'er,
With the thick darkness, Egypt felt of yore.)
Oh! doth it not e'en now begin to dawn?
And is there not some prospect of the morn?
Yes, light is breaking in the eastern skies,
And soon the God of glory will arise.
See heathen China opes her gates of brass,
To let the heralds of the Saviour pass ;
Bright will the Sun of righteousness appear
Her many million souls to light and cheer.

And now, my spirit, stretch thy wings to fly,
Thy path is gilded by the brightening sky ;
Return to Europe, seek fair Britain's Isle,
That oft is gladdened by the Saviour's smile:

True, some dark spots are on her surface seen,
 But sunny landscapes quickly intervene.
 Now I am hovering o'er sweet Barleywood,
 Where dwelt the truly great, the truly good ;
 One, who a lustre shed o'er all the land,
 That will endure as long as earth shall stand ;
 Nor then expire, for borne to realms above,
 The heart still glows with pure, with heavenly
 love.

A scene of almost magic seems to rise,
 When I survey her numerous charities ;
 The labors of her love how vast, how pure,
 She sought the happiness of rich and poor.
 Oh ! may we her for our example take,
 And still like her do good for Jesus' sake ;
 In our small sphere exert her constant zeal,
 And win our own by seeking others' weal.
 In this same island I'll direct my course
 'To where once lived the noble Wilberforce:
 Yes, his indeed was an exalted mind ;
 Such the nobility we love to find.
 'T was he the banner of the free unfurled,
 And to the standard soon will flock the world.
 He broke through clouds of night, a brilliant star,
 The brightness of whose light was seen afar ;
 Reflected light caught from the world above,
 Where still for ever shines the Sun of Love.
 But I must go, though other stars appear,
 I can no longer stay to view them, here.

Now speed to France — why dost thou linger so?
 I feel thy motive — thou dost fear to go:
 For memory bids a dreadful scene arise,
 And oh! it floats distinct before my eyes.
 She points to where the guillotine once stood,
 She says 't was France that dyed her hands with
 blood,

When her mild king before fierce demons fell,
 And earth was maddened by the infuriate yell;
 When burst a horrid glare from depths profound,
 And cast its baneful light on all around.
 Who fed that flame? the shrieks of dread despair
 Affright my soul when thou art named, Voltaire!
 But what 's France now? look, at the present day,
 'T is a hard question — who with truth can say?
 An ever restless people, changing still
 With every freak of their ungoverned will:
 Now seeking Freedom, they their goddess draw
 Bold and licentious, spurning at all law; —
 And soon with rapture they a despot own,
 Wading through blood and slaughter to the throne.
 They now are still, what their next move will be
 'T is quite impossible for man to see.
 But, oh, our God! direct their hearts aright,
 Bow them in true subjection to thy might;
 Teach them when they through Christ from Sin
 are free,
 Then they have found indeed blest Liberty.
 Perhaps I here should name my country's debt
 To the French warrior, far-famed Lafayette.

But 't is not mine to sing the hero's praise,
 I cannot crown the conqueror with bays ;
 For it will seem to me that in fierce strife
 'T is sin leads man to shorten man's short life.
 But here 's the fairest wreath he ever won,
 He was the friend of our loved Washington.

My vent'rous soul, again for flight prepare,
 Again speed lightly through the yielding air ;
 Thou hast o'erlong in mighty Europe stayed,
 Now thy departure must not be delayed.
 Visit poor Africa — hear her relate
 The bitter anguish of her fallen state:
 Hear her the sad, the evil day deplore,
 When avaricious white men sought her shore.
 Her bleeding sons are torn from her embrace,
 A wretched mother, of a suffering race.
 And for her wrongs what give they in return?
 (It makes my soul with indignation burn.)
 'They scatter poison throughout all her land,
 Hardening the heart, and palsying the hand.
 Alas, poor country ! it afflicts my sight
 To find her wrapt in darkest clouds of night:
 One only gem doth on her brow appear,*
 ('Thanks to the generous few who placed it there,)
 Scarce noticed now, but soon its brightening ray
 Will shed o'er all her land celestial day:

* Liberia.

Then Ethiopia her hands will raise,
And seek her God in mingled prayer and praise.

My spirit spreads her tiny wings again,
And homeward flies across the restless main ;
The foaming billows scarcely catch her eye,
As " Home, sweet home," she sings with ecstasy.
And is her own loved country free from Sin?
Alas! e'en here is heard wild passion's din.
Why will her sons yield to the tyrant's sway?
Why follow Sin? and why his voice obey?
'The wily tempter hath such power and art
Both to debase and charm the human heart,
'That his poor victims (strange it thus should be)
Embrace their chains, and fancy they are free.
But though our human nature is so frail,
Still we have many, who ne'er bow to Baal:
Many, whose breasts are filled with holy zeal,
Whose labors evidence the love they feel.
See some are nobly striving to restore
'The injured negro to his native shore ;
Nor stops their mercy there, but on they press
To show to him the path to happiness:
As their sure guide the word of God they take,
And oft die martyrs for the negro's sake.
Here too a band have boldly dared oppose
One of the mightiest and ~~the~~ deadliest foes ;
It is Intemperance, that onward hies,
Still offering souls of men in sacrifice:

But they have stopped him in his mad career,
 And now I trust the tyrant's fall is near:
 No quarter give to your relentless foe,
 Strive to effect his total overthrow.
 Nor then retire, 'gainst Sin your standard rear,
 Whatever other name the fiend may bear:
 He oft conceals himself behind soft names,
 And with enticing speech prefers his claims.
 Oppose him strongly, oh! be truly brave,
 Your warfare's just when you your souls would
 save;
 "Fight the good fight of faith" with sword and
 shield,
 And force your dread antagonist to yield.
 Our God hath many such good soldiers here,
 Though some have left us for a purer sphere.
 Oh! their examples now we greatly need,
 But in their works we will their virtues read;
 Thus we may see our sainted Washington,
 So justly termed "Columbia's favorite son."
 And far the disregarded truth declare,
 "He was a man who sought his God in prayer."
 And Wirt, who for a while to us was given,
 Whose spirit now hath found its home in heaven:
 For him revered I'll weave my wild-flow'r wreath
 'To twine around the monument of death.

Alas! a star hath left our hemisphere!

Lost to the sight of man is that bright ray!
 Are storms of trouble and affliction near
 That he is ta'en away?

The voice of Wirt no longer greets the ear,
 Still advocating right, opposing wrong ;
 We can no longer eager bend to hear
 The music of his tongue.

I fondly hoped to see him high in power,
 Dispensing blessings with a liberal hand ;
 Spreading the influence of religion o'er
 My much-loved, native land.

Yet mourn not, that so bright a gem is ta'en
 To add to those around the Saviour's brow ;
 But rather strive to meet with him again
 Where joys immortal grow.

Oh! that the many great and wise of earth
 Would learn of him to live, of him to die ;
 Thus yield below the fruits of real worth,
 And then be borne on high.

Soon may the sabbath of the world begin,
 When man shall rise triumphant over sin.
 For that the time *will* come hath God foretold
 By blessed prophets in the days of old.
 Then will the people of all nations call
 On God, the Saviour, as the Lord of all:
 Nought can molest them, nought can cause them
 fear,
 For they will feel that Christ, their guard, is near.

Then the fair tree of peace will lift its head,
Strike deep its roots, o'er earth its branches spread,
Blest by the soil beneath, the heavens above,
Bright with the flowers of universal love.
But I must cease ; too lofty far I deem
The all-important, the all-glorious theme:
Turn to your Bible, you can read it there,
And who, like that, the message can declare?
True, — Cowper sung it to his heaven-tuned lyre,
And almost caught the holy prophet's fire:
But — though it bids my sin-sick soul rejoice,
Her powers are feeble, — feeble is her voice.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM WILBER- FORCE.

BLEST Wilberforce! thy deeds have fully proved

That thy loved Master's mantle fell on thee ;

Oh! who could hear thy gifted words unmoved,

Nor join the cry of " Africa, be free."

Yes, thou hast flourished, like the banian tree,
Whose branches form for thousands a retreat ;

Thus, and much more, thy name will ever be,

For ransomed nations shall thy worth repeat,

" A shelter from the storm, a covert from the heat."

No blood-stained laurel ever decked thy brow ;

But, with the banner of the Cross unfurled,

Thou didst proclaim what many echo now,

Peace — Liberty — Religion, to the world.

Then Tyranny was driven from his throne ;

Mercy was sent poor Africa to save,

Who throughout all her borders soon will own,

And, kneeling, seek the God of him who gave

Deliverance to the captive, freedom to the slave.

But thou hast left us, Wilberforce! the blest

Welcomed thy spirit to a brighter sphere ;

Jesus hath borne thee to His heavenly rest,

And left thy friends to speak thy praises here:

There is no need a monument to rear ;
Whole continents thy virtues will proclaim ;
Nations the labors of thy love revere,
And Ethiopia, freed, shall bless thy name,
Whilst to remotest ages spreads thy glorious fame.

THE subject of the following lines was taken from "A Specimen of Welsh Preaching," published in the papers some years since.

SPIRIT of Milton, hover round my head,
 And a rich fragrance breathe o'er every line ;
 Then I will sing, when Hope affrighted fled,
 And when again recalled by Love Divine.

It was a beauteous spot, divinely fair:
 Can aught of evil ever enter there?
 And can those forms, that guard this Paradise,
 E'er touch its beauties with the wand of Vice?
 Those, unto whom immortal souls are given,
 Whose breasts are kindled with the rays of love?
 (Celestial light that gilds the court of Heaven,
 And a bright spark descended from above.)
 Oh yes, those once so pure in heart proved frail,
 And Paradise resounded with their wail.
 Soft was the air, serenely fair the sky,
 And not a cloud was ever seen to lower ;
 Angelic spirits ever hovered nigh,
 Dwelt in the bosom of each perfumed flower :
 But, when Sin entered, all was overcast,
 The flowerets withered, shrinking from the blast.

* * * * *

Unhappy wretches 't is in vain you fly ;
 Who can escape the wrath of Deity?
 Justice has closed you in eternal gloom,
 And none must enter to reverse your doom.

See tens of thousands bending o'er the grave,
 And not one pitying hand to stoop and save.
 Mercy, (the attribute of Deity,)
 Descending, views this scene of misery ;
 And leaning o'er the wall she stops and weeps,
 Forbid to enter where stern Justice keeps.
 But list ! soft music floating on the air !
 Angels to other realms glad tidings bear ;
 Joyful commission from the God above,
 Fraught with the demonstrations of his love.
 Just as the favored world appears from far,
 Bursts on their sight in semblance of a star,
 This woe of woes their whole attention draws,
 They pause awhile, and Heaven forgives that
 pause.

" Mercy," they cry, " oh, Mercy, view this grief,
 And sure, in pity thou wilt bring relief."

" I see," amidst her tears, replies the maid,
 " Sincerely pity, but I cannot aid :

Oh yes, 't is all in vain, I breathe the sigh,
 Justice has barred the gate and they must die."

Lo ! Justice now enrobed in awful state,
 Appears as if to watch the prison gate.

" Justice," the angels say, " let Mercy in
 To ease their sorrow, mitigate their sin."

" Plead not for them," stern Justice makes reply,

" For they have sinned, and surely they must die."

On wings of love descends a radiant One ;
 Bright is the glory of Jehovah's Son ;

His voice is heard amidst the angel band ;
 'T is He who asks what Justice doth demand.
 " My terms are rigid, as my ways are just,
 This is the deed committed to my trust, —
 Shame, for their honor, for their glory, woe,
 And for their life some other blood must flow."
 'T was then the heavenly One with meekness said,
 " On me alone be all their sorrows laid ;
 Four thousand years from hence, on Calvary,
 The Son of God will for this people die."
 Glad Mercy flew the tidings to proclaim,
 And preached salvation in the Saviour's name.

* * * * *

Years had passed on, and passing rolled away ;
 Time on his wings swift brought the eventful
 day,
 When Mercy sought the hill of Calvary,
 And Justice met her with his rigid eye.
 " Where is the Son of God ? " " Below the hill,
 Bearing his cross, obedient to thy will."
 Mercy then soared aloof, and, trembling, fled:
 Justice presented Jesus with the deed:
 The firm earth shook when to his hand 't was
 given.
 Say, did He fling it to the winds of heaven?
 No! He received it, nailed it where He fell,
 Cried, " It is finished," as he breathed farewell.
 Then holy fire descended from the sky,
 And soon it swallowed His humanity ;

But when it touched His Deity, the spark
Expired, and all around was dark.

But glory to the Great, Almighty Power,
“ Good will to men, and peace ” for evermore.

MY SISTER.

AWAY, far away, the rude tempest is driven,
 And the stars they peep timidly forth ;
 So gentle 's the breeze, and so calm is the even,
 It seems to my soul, as the mildness of heaven
 Had sunk to the bosom of earth.

And see, the soft moon is diffusing her light,
 Her lamp is enkindled on high ;
 Though fain would the dewy clouds veil her from
 sight,
 She shines from amidst them more heavenly bright,
 As she travels her space in the sky.

Oh, fain would I fly, on a night such as this,
 To meet the embrace of thy love ;
 To imprint on thy forehead one sisterly kiss,
 It would be worth ages of fanciful bliss ;
 Ah! thither, to thee, would I rove.

To the days that have past I look back with regret,
 To the days I have past, dear, with you ;
 My harp with the tear of affection is wet,
 But a wildly-twined wreath I can wind round it
 yet,
 Receive it, for oh ! 't is your due.

'T is Narraganset's silver tide,
 That smiles so tranquil now ;
 It has laid aside
 Its foaming pride,
 For smooth is nature's brow.

'T is Haup, that rising o'er the flood,
 Shows where the Indian warriors stood.
 But shall I strive those deeds to tell
 That Eastburn's pencil drew so well?
 Presumptuous thought, 't would be in vain
 To attempt to breathe like him the strain ;
 For whilst the youthful poet sung,
 Such harps as mine would lie unstrung.
 Not only that the muses' fire
 Had taught him to awake the lyre ;
 But oh, there dwelt within his breast
 The Spirit of the Holiest.

When death's approaching steps were seen,
 He met him with a smile serene :
 His soul has fled to realms afar,
 Where shines "the bright, the morning Star ;"
 He now awakes a loftier strain ;
 Oh, may I hear his notes again.
 But soft ! at gentle sleep's behest,

Now, in my wanderings I would pause ;
 For Luna's self has sunk to rest,

And darkness close her curtain draws.
 My thoughts in prayer ascend the sky ;
 Where dwells Jehovah's Majesty :

The clouds He for a mantle takes,
 And darkness His pavilion makes.
 Yes, upward to His courts I'll rove,
 To seek not majesty, but love ;
 For He, who felt our cares below,
 Still knows to feel for human woe.
 Oh Jesus ! Thou wert lowly, meek,
 Grief was an inmate of Thy breast ;
 And glistening tears bedewed the cheek,
 Where Love his softest look imprest.
 Our Father, Thou hast bid us say,
 Our Father ! much those words convey ;
 And shall our praises ever cease ?
 Our Father is the Prince of Peace.
 Pilgrims behold Thee from afar,
 Thou art their Guide, their Light, and Star :
 Thou walkest on the troubled wave,
 The o'erburdened, sinking soul to save ;
 Thou art beside Bethesda's pool,
 To make the wretched sufferer whole ;
 Whilst sweetly breathes a voice from heaven,
 " Arise, thy sins are all forgiven."
 My sister — oh ! she is not here ;
 But she will join me in my prayer.
 My sister, — fondly I repeat,
 Oh, Saviour, grant we soon may meet,
 Be not this boon denied us ;
 And when our days are all complete,
 May we be found, Lord, at Thy feet,
 Uniting at Thy mercy seat,
 Where nothing can divide us.

EULALIA.

A noble Portuguese lady, who suffered martyrdom during the Pagan Persecutions.

It was when Persecution raged,
And Mercy fled afar ;
When all the hosts of hell engaged
Against the " Morning Star ; "

Fair Portugal, within thy clime,
The sweet Eulalia dwelt ;
The maid was young, the weight of time
Her spirits had not felt.

Before my ^{mental} mortal sight doth rise
The beautiful brunette ;
Bright was the lustre of those eyes,
With sorrow never wet.

And her dark hair in ringlets wild
Fell graceful o'er her form :
In truth she still seemed but a child,
With playful feelings warm.

Riches to her his treasures brought ;
She was to rank allied ;
Full many a gallant noble sought
To win her for his bride.

And *one* her sweetest smiles received,
 She could not tell him nay :
 His vows of love she glad believed,
 And named her nuptial day.

'T was then she saw the Christian's death,
 And listened to his prayer ;
 She heard him with his latest breath
 His Saviour's love declare.

She felt *that* faith must sure be true,
 Which nothing could destroy ;
 And " I will be a martyr too "
 Her wakened thoughts employ.

At length the marriage day has come,
 But oh ! where is the bride ?
 She has confessed, and sought the doom
 By which so many died.

See her a prisoner at the bar,
 How tranquil, and how mild ;
 For Jesus was her guiding star,
 And on her path hath smiled.

She prayed to 'scape each artful wile,
 And humbly kiss the rod ;
 Whilst thus the judge with words of guile,
 Would lure her from her God :

" For thee doth every splendor shine,
 And pleasure waits for thee :

But place the incense on this shrine,
That moment thou art free."

"I know that splendor shines for me,
The splendor of the skies ;
And joy, from earthly passions free,
Will ever glad my eyes."

"Thy parents' voice of woe is heard,
Thy lover weeps for thee:
If thou wilt only speak the word,
That moment thou art free."

"My Father is the God above,
I come of heavenly birth ;
And Jesus is my only Love ;
I wish for none on earth."

Is there not *one* in all around
That maiden's part to take?
No! the stern judge more darkly frowned,
And thus her sentence spake:

"Bear her to tortures, and to death ;
I will no longer wait ;
The gods we serve demand her breath,
And such shall be her fate."

She saw the hellish engines brought,
Nor trembled at the sight ;
With earnest heart her God she sought,
He gave her of His might.

And deeply every pang she felt,
But breathed nor groans, nor cries ;
As low, before her God she knelt,
No tears bedimmed her eyes.

And now the burning torch they place
Those glossy curls among ;
She speaks, and heaven illumes that face,
So beautiful and young.

“ Saviour, receive me to Thy breast,
Jehovah's only Son.”
She breathed the flame, then sunk to rest,
A pure and perfect one.

Farewell, sweet maid, thy tale is told,
From pain thou now art free :
Others may sing of warriors bold ;
I'll wake my harp for thee.

Farewell! for thou art now with Him,
To whom thou mad'st thy prayer ;
And shin'st amidst His diadem,
A brilliant jewel there.

WINTER.

WILD Winter, troubler of the sky,
Full oft abroad thy tempests fly,
And, as they rush tumultuous by,
Breathe devastation ;
As, seated on thy throne of snow,
Thou lookest on the world below,
And speakest to the poor man — woe
And desolation.

Wild Winter, troubler of the sky,
At thy approach the flowerets die,
And the sweet songsters from thee fly,
 So dread art thou:
Thy power is seen in all around ;
The streams with fetters firm are bound,
And their low, pleasant, murmuring sound
 Is heard not now.

Wild Winter, troubler of the sky,
Still art thou clothed with majesty,
And on thy brow triumphantly
Doth beauty shine ;
A mantle dark is round thee thrown ;
Encircling snow-wreaths form thy crown ;
And ice-drops glitter on thy zone,
Like jewels fine.

Winter, thou art by all obeyed ;
 Even proud Neptune's steps are stayed,
 For thou a barrier strong hast laid
 Along the shore ;
 The icy bars he cannot break,
 Till gentle Spring his side shall take ;
 What Valor conquers not, will shake
 At Virtue's power.

Then he will leave his crystal cave,
 And gaily dance from wave to wave ;
 Though sometimes he doth madly rave,
 And toss his head ;
 He proudly lifts himself on high,
 Whilst ocean's foam around doth fly,
 Appearing, in his majesty,
 A god indeed.

Wild Winter, troubler of the sky,
 Thou wilt ere long be forced to fly ;
 For even now, approaching nigh,
 Sweet Spring is seen :
 And she will melt thy icy heart,
 And she will bid thee hence depart,
 Fell foe of comfort as thou art,
 And e'er hast been.

Soon may she come, soft, smiling Spring,
 And round her fairest flowerets fling,
 Whilst the winged warblers gaily sing,
 " Wild Winter 's past ;

And thou who art so justly dear,
Who banishest the Winter drear ;
Thou sweetest season of the year,
Hast come at last ”

FOR MISS ——'S ALBUM.

If my pen were a sunbeam, dear B——y, with joy,
 I would gild all these pages of thine ;
 But oh ! 't is the quill of a *goose* I employ,
 And Wisdom and Wit are not mine.

Here the Graces have used their enchantments for
 you,
 And Beauty, whose eyes brightly shine ;
 If assisted by them, I would glad meet your view ;
 But Beauty and Grace are not mine.

And here, too, is Worth, and cold Prudence ap-
 pears,
 To add to this Album of thine ;
 But I err, and my errors are washed by my tears,
 For Prudence and Worth are not mine.

Then what can I offer that you will receive?
 Oh, what can I lay on this shrine?
 Take my Friendship, dear B——y, 't is all I can
 give,
 For indeed it is all that is mine.

TO MY BROTHER.

SILENCE reigns! and I now will awake a blithe *glee*,
 And sing a few *stanzas*, dear brother, to thee ;
 I must pause for a moment ; — of what shall I sing?
 Of the fair ones of ——? aye, that 's just the thing.
 Dark night has triumphantly mounted her car,
 That brightly is studded with many a star ;
 But the gems of the earth in a signet combined,
 Will shine, like the gems of the sky, you will find.
 But soft! with which best will their charms, dear,
 compare,
 A beautiful casket, or lovely parterre?
 Which will best please your taste I am puzzled to
 know ;
 So I will compare them to both — *even so*.
Well, then, to begin — there 's the sweet Catherine,
 In whose countenance mildness and beauty com-
 bine:
 Her eyes — they are formed of the diamond and
 jet ;
 (Yes, they with their brightness together have
 met:)
 Her skin — of the smoothness of marble it speaks,
 Whilst the glow of the ruby just tinges her cheeks:
 And oh! whene'er Joy on her lips leaves a kiss,
 Then the magic of beauty is heightened by bliss ;
 Like the smile of Apollo, so mild, yet so bright,
 As he looks on the world ere he bids it good night.

And there is fair Rosa, the queen of the bower,
 As lovely, as modest, as is her own flower:
 Her cheeks are suffused with a roseate hue ;
 And the myrtle is seen in her eyes of soft blue ;
 Her teeth, like the cherry-tree blossoms, are white ;
 Her lips are twin cherries, delicious and bright ;
 As rich as the tendrils of woodbine her hair ;
 And as the pure lily her forehead is fair.
 But gently ! sweet Sarah arises in view,
 As modest, as mild, and as beautiful too :
 Her eyes of dark hazle — oh ! where is the gem,
 Or the floweret that doth in the least look like them ?
 And her deep colored lips and her cheeks of soft
 hue,

Her complexion, ah ! what can I liken them to ?
 The coral is set in a clear crystal bed,
 And sweet is the contrast of pure white and red.
 In Caroline, too, many charms one can trace,
 Her lofty mien speaking of majesty, grace ;
 And her smile — it reminds one of angels above,
 So sweetly surrounded by dimples of love.
 Ruth, Ann, and Elizabeth, led by the Graces,
 Appear with their smiling, and beautiful faces.
 And Mary, so modest, retiring, and sweet ;
 And elegant Susan ; and fair Harriet ;
 And Abby, as handsome as one need to be,
 The dearly beloved of your friend, Coloned D——.
 But I on their beauties no longer can dwell,
 For the Muses, alas ! have all bade me farewell ;
 So tell me of all the *fine beaux* you have seen,
 And now that *I've finished*, do you, dear, begin.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH SOME FLOWERS,
ON HER MARRIAGE.

Love chose a flower of roseate hue,
And Innocence of white ;
Whilst Constancy in heavenly blue
For ever takes delight :

And here they are, each favorite die,
Their beauties all combining ;
Love, Innocence, and Constancy,
Thy bridal wreath are twining.

MARY ANN.

HER form is perfection, and dark is her eye,
Her lips — they have stolen the ruby's deep dye,
Her complexion is pure as a white rose scarce
blown,
And her teeth — the soft pearl is their rival alone:
In truth, Grace and Beauty do all that they can,
To render more lovely the sweet Mary Ann.
But dearer, far dearer, the charms of her soul,
That with their bright lustre embellish the whole ;
And her calm, even temper, unruffled and true,
The fierce storms of passion can never subdue.

AN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM A COUSIN
IN COLLEGE.

JULY 4th.

DEAR M——,

THIS is a lovely eve,
And, if my Muse consents, I'll weave
A few stray ideas into rhyme,
To cheer some moments of your time ;
For, between study and the *sun*,
I fear your spirits quite are gone.
But no, indeed, I had forgot,
Your pardon, Sir, I know they're not ;
For, though both anxious and distressed,
*Hope** reigns triumphant in your breast.
Led by her light and graceful form
Would'st thou not brave the fiercest storm?
And canst thou not endure awhile,
The brightness of Apollo's smile?
'Thou know'st that thou canst not repine,
Whilst *Hope*, enchanting *Hope*, is thine.
But, coz, here is enough of you,
And something to myself is due ;
Yes, my *dear* self we both must deem
A *fitter* and a *fairer* theme.
Well, then, as fair as ever, now
I'm wandering with uncovered brow,

* The name of a young lady.

Where the green willows o'er me bend,
 Or to a watery bed descend:
 'T is in the willow walk I stray,
 After this hot and noisy day.
 The sound has ceased of e'en the mill,
 And all is tranquil, all is still,
 Except the *frogs that kindly try,*
 To *charm me with their minstrelsy.*
 Indeed, it is a lovely night ;
 The stars seem more than usual bright ;
 And the pond *is* so calm and clear,
 That if a skiff were only here,
 Oh ! what a pleasant sail I'd take,
 With Scott's sweet "Lady of the Lake."
 Do you not fondly love to dwell
 On all romantic authors tell ?
 Oh ! it is joy with Moore to rove,
 And listen to his notes of love,
 To see his Muse adorn her hair,
 With every floweret sweet, and rare ;
 Or as may suit her humor now,
 To place a crown upon her brow,
 That glitters bright with many a gem,
 Rich as a monarch's diadem.
 Or Byron, with his deep-felt tone,*
 May make our very souls his own ;
 For all the characters he draws,
 We hail with wonder and applause ;

* This alludes to Lord Byron's first poems.

And as he sings them to his lyre,
 We ought to hate, but still admire ;
 Possessing passions dread and deep,
 Afflicted, but too proud to weep.
 Or Campbell may attract us now ;
 He sings of *Hope*, M——, canst not thou ?
 But 't is not poetry alone,
 That charms me with its silver tone,
 For prose is fascinating too,
 Since Waverley appeared in view ;
 And all those volumes met my eye,
 Half romance, and half history.
 But must we thus abroad still roam ?
 Have we no authors then at home ?
 Our Cooper cannot be forgot,
 And all his works remembered not,
 Whilst yonder sleeps the very bay
 Where the "Red Rover's" vessel lay.
 And we have felt young Eastburn's power :
 O'er Irving lingered many an hour,
 Who, sweet as the Æolian lyre
 Breathes into prose poetic fire ;
 Or shows the sparkling of his wit,
 Whilst we, delighted, gaze on it.
 But here I must no longer stay ;

* * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *

Let not the smiles of *Hope* be vain,
 Nor long a bachelor remain.

TO A YOUNG FOREIGNER.

STRANGER, thou art welcome here,
Voice and heart their greetings give ;
Slight not offerings sincere,
Kindly feelings do not grieve.

Oh! that thou may'st ever prove
What to us thou now dost seem ;
One deserving of our love,
Of our friendship, and esteem.

Trees, when rustling in the gale,
Can to us no joy impart ;
Thus words only, ne'er avail ;
Something more must win the heart:

When they send their fragrance forth,
We delighted linger near ;
Thus men's actions speak their worth,
And their virtues make them dear.

Many now are drawn to thee,
And on thee it all depends,
Whether future years will see
That we still remain thy friends.

THE WREATH.

A GUARDIAN spirit once on earth
 Thus to a maiden sweetly sung ;
 " I've watched thee ever since thy birth,
 And ever o'er thee fondly hung.

" Then come and listen to me now,
 And I will twine a wreath for thee ;
 A wreath to deck a maiden's brow,
 To tell what maidens e'er should be.

" First, I will pluck the passion flower,*
 And with it these moss rosebuds twine ;
 Here heart's-ease, too, shall show its power,
 And in the garland brightly shine:

" Now violets, (an offering meet,)
 That caught their soft blue dye from heaven ;
 And lilies of the vale, so sweet,
 (Emblems of innocence,) are given.

" And wilt thou not accept it now,
 The wreath that I have twined for thee?
 A wreath to deck a maiden's brow,
 To tell what maidens e'er should be?"

* " While others appoint it a place in the parterre, I would transplant the passion flower, or rather transfer its sacred significance to my heart."

FANCY.

GENIUS of Burns, descend and bless
Apollo's humblest votaress:
I've ever loved thy voice to hear
Since music first attuned my ear;
I've wept o'er "Highland Mary's" urn,
And grieved that "Man was made to mourn."
Thy songs of beauty and of love,
Will e'en the coldest bosom move;
And my young heart has bounded high,
Whene'er it heard thy minstrelsy.
Wouldst thou my feeble verse inspire,
Most gladly would I wake the lyre;
And strive my simple notes to grace,
With wild flowers of my native place.
Fancy, for once, should be my theme.
'Thou goddess of each wandering dream,
With thee I oft delighted rove
O'er scenes that I must ever love;
Scenes that need not thy magic wand
To make them seem like fairy land.
'Thou tak'st from sorrow's load of care,
Thy rainbow often cheers despair,
'Thou gild'st the brow of sable night,
'Thou mak'st e'en beauty seem more bright,
'Thou bear'st me back to olden times,
'Thou waft'st my soul to other climes,

Thou lead'st me to the muses' bowers,
 And smil'st to cheer my lonely hours,
 Thou floatest on the ambient air
 And gatherest all the sunbeams there ;
 Or thou wilt dive beneath the wave,
 And visit every crystal cave.
 Oh, what enchantment greets thine eyes,
 Where coral palaces arise,
 And thou with joy dost linger nigh,
 To catch the sea-nymphs' melody.
 Maid of the variegated wing,
 Thy lustre gilds each living thing ;
 With thee I am ethereal too,
 And revel amidst heaven's clear blue.
 With thee I mount Night's ebon car,
 And soar beyond each brilliant star ;
 Or take a course still more sublime
 By sailing down the stream of time,
 Till those bright orbs of seeming fire
 With all their glories shall expire,
 When worlds their Maker's nod obey,
 And heaven and earth shall pass away.
 Where wilt thou not convey the soul
 That thus submits to thy control?
 Where is the spot, or where can be,
 Man has not visited with thee?

My spirit, whither wanderest thou?
 This world hath claims upon thee now:

No longer yield to Fancy's rein,
Return to earth and sense again:
Yes, for a while suspend thy flight,
And strive to calm thy wild delight;
Relate to sober reason's ear
The glories of thy bright career.
Now sinks the cadence of my lyre;
Music no longer wakes the wire;
Echo has ceased to catch the sound,
And silence rests on all around.

"Here death invades his mournful right, and claims
The grief that started from my lids for him."

Young.

BE still, my soul, awake nor harp, nor lute,
Let every instrument of sound be mute ;
The lofty organ's deep-toned notes of praise
This sad, this wounded spirit cannot raise.
God of my fathers, God in whom I trust,
Assist a poor, frail daughter of the dust ;
Teach her to tell in "measured lines and slow,"
How fleeting were her joys, how deep her woe.
There dwelt within a place, where Nature smiled,
One who in truth was wayward Nature's child ;
She oft would wander o'er the verdant ground,
Or stop to gaze on all the landscape round.
Oh, she indulged full many a pleasing dream,
Where yonder willows bathe them in the stream ;
She loved the carpet that the violets wove,
She loved the scene, for all the scene was love.
Or she would climb those rocks confus'dly piled,
Appearing to her view, sublime and wild ;
She'd sit her there, invoke the god of song,
Whilst the winged hours unheeded flew along.
Perhaps you fain would hear that every grace
Smiled to adorn her tiny form and face:
But she was not endowed with beauty rare,
No poet sung her "Fairest of the fair:"

Hers was a bashful, and a downcast look,
 That the rude gaze of strangers ne'er could brook ;
 And seldom did her eyes with pleasure glow,
 For Grief had laid her hand upon her brow ;
 Sorrow she had not felt, but grief to come
 Had overcast it with foreboding gloom.
 E'en then, whene'er the sportsman's gun was heard,
 She wept the fall of every little bird ;
 Fancied she 'd lost a friend, whose cheerful voice
 No more would bid her saddened soul rejoice.
 But oh ! such days again she ne'er can know,
 Of real joys, and only ideal woe.
 By three kind sisters and both parents blest,
 And by an only brother oft carest,
 Thus past her childhood, oh ! too quickly o'er,
 Too soon it vanished to return no more.
 Though she would often, when in pensive mood,
 Seek the wild haunts of sacred solitude,
 Abroad, alone, she would not always stray,
 Her dear loved brother sometimes cheered the way.
 Oh, see them rambling o'er each field with joy,
 The sunburnt girl, and the light-hearted boy ;
 See her attending to his accents gay,
 Assist him in his work, or join his play.
 Or see her now when from the field she 's come,
 And by her eldest sister welcomed home ;
 Who kindly bears with every childish freak,
 And prints full many kisses on her cheek.
 That sister takes her from the world retired,
 With the blest book that God Himself inspired,

And opening at the psalms that David sung,
 Learns her to read them with her faltering tongue.
 Oh, agonizing thought! they both are gone,
 And now she feels this world is sad and lone!
 Yes, they have fled to radiant realms above,
 Where all is happiness, where all is love ;
 Both he, who was her playmate and her pride,
 And she, her kind instructor and her guide.
 The scene seemed fair, and cloudless were the skies,
 When that dear boy had reached to manhood's size ;
 But Fortune lured him from his home away.
 The ship has proudly left its native bay :
 And it has gone to seek the sunny Isle,
 That falsely smiles, that shines but to beguile ;
 For there the pestilence in silence stalks,
 And dread destruction e'en at noonday walks ;
 But she (the subject of my humble strain)
 Thought that he soon would bless her sight again.
 Months have rolled on! at length the time has
 come,
 When he with joy again will greet his home.
 Ah me! it is a sad and dismal day,
 But she is gazing on the silent bay!
 A ship is just discerned amid the cloud
 That seems to wrap it in a fleecy shroud:
 No pennon from the topmast gaily flies ;
 No gun reverberates along the skies,
 The joyful news of friends returned, to tell,
 And seem to utter forth the words " All 's well."

Oh, doth not Nature dread to hear the tale,
 And wrap herself in dark, funereal veil ?
 And doth not Ocean in deep silence mourn
 The gayest heart its waves have ever borne ?
 Oh, say it not ! oh, Memory too true,
 Take, take the scene from my bewildered view !
 Methinks I feel again the dreadful cry
 That spake the parents', sisters' agony !
 I call on thee, Forgetfulness ! appear,
 Draw an impenetrable curtain here.
 But there were some who proved kind friends in-
 deed,
 Who brought them comfort in the hour of need :
 They said that she who nursed that sainted one,
 Loved him in truth, as though he were her son :
 Said that his latest thoughts were thoughts of
 Heaven,
 That earnestly he prayed to be forgiven,
 And that he prayed for those, his fondest care,
 And clasped his hands in ecstasy of prayer.
 He winged him from this dreary, dark abode,
 To sing the everlasting praise of God.
 Woes seldom come alone ; another blow
 Hath laid that much loved eldest sister low :
 Her friends scarce saw the progress of decay,
 Till like a flower she faded quite away ;
 For though the hectic on her cheek was burning,
 They fancied it the hue of health returning ;
 But she is now a never-fading flower,
 Close to the tree of life in Eden's bower.

And thus *she* thinks on whom such woes are cast,
 Now the first wildness of her grief hath past ;
 “ Oh may I learn to ’scape Jehovah’s wrath,
 And strive to follow in her virtuous path ;
 Oh, may I be, like her, forgiving, kind,
 See my own faults, but be to others’ blind ;
 And oh ! like her, may I soon upward soar,
 Where death and sorrow can be known no more.
 But I am still on earth, must sorrow still ;
 I ’ll strive to hide it, and subdue my will.
 No one shall see how true the blow was dealt
 Who cannot feel the agony I felt ;
 And I will light my features with a smile,
 Though grief’s corroding my poor heart the while ;
 But ye blest spirits in the realms above,
 Ye know that heart, ye know my ardent love.”
 I now must cease, for night, to sorrow dear,
 Hath past away, and the gay morn is here :
 See her ascending on her wings of light,
 Oh, look abroad, and cheer thee with the sight.
 In vain I seek each well known scene to trace,
 A veil of mist conceals fair Nature’s face.
 But see the tops of those tall trees arise
 Above the fog, and joyful hail the skies ;
 They catch each smile the golden god displays,
 And glitter brightly in his rising rays.
 Thus to her dark o’ershadowed soul be ’t given,
 To pierce the gloom, and catch the light of Heaven.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh, Memory, again you bring
Bright childhood's sunny hours,
When nature seemed to laugh and sing,
And scattered round her flowers.

But she no longer makes me glad
With hope's enlivening hue ;
For when, alas ! the soul is sad,
Then, sad is nature too.

MY LYRE.

HAIL! thou sweetest gift of Heaven,
Hail! my ever constant lyre ;
For my solace thou art given,
Oh! my languid soul inspire.

Though by all the world I 'm slighted,
I have still a friend in thee ;
Though I roam alone, benighted,
Thy loved notes will comfort me.

When with thee, my spirit borrows
Something of celestial fire ;
Though I cannot speak my sorrows,
I will sing them to my lyre.

When I 'm wrought almost to madness,
I can wear a settled brow ;
When my soul is filled with sadness,
I can smile as I do now.

For though Justice has bereft me
Of my bosom's first desire,
There is consolation left me
In the breathings of my lyre.

But when those, the best, the dearest,
Have forsook this mortal sphere ;

Those who met my love sincerest ;
 Who can blame a falling tear ?

Smiles no longer can dissemble,
 Tears must mingle with my song ;
 And my aching fingers tremble
 As they move thy chords along.

All the scenery around me
 Speaks of mildew and of blight,
 And my lyre hath ever found me
 Wrapt in settled gloom of night.

But, though thus I'm filled with anguish,
 Thus beset by sorrows dire,
 Still, I am forbid to languish
 By the soothings of my lyre.

And, when through this world so dreary
 I, a wanderer have past ;
 When o'erladen, weak, and weary,
 I have laid me down at last ;

Saviour, all my sins forgiven,
 May I join the angelic choir ;
 And, among the blest in heaven,
 Wake anew my much loved lyre.

AN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO PASS
THE EVENING WITH COMPANY.

MAY Sense and may Wit in your drawing-room
meet,
And all that is lovely, and all that is sweet ;
But we in such scenes can, alas ! take no part ;
They afford no relief to a sorrowful heart.

This evening Joy's bright-colored wings will be
spread,
And lightly, and quickly, will Gaiety tread ;
But vain their allurements, they ease not the smart
That keenly is felt by the sorrowful heart.

Around you will Splendor her dazzling light fling,
And for you the Graces their fairest wreaths bring,
Each gladly assistant, their charms will impart,
But oh ! keep far distant the sorrowful heart.

Then excuse us, dear cousins, for why should we go,
And smile, when our tears are just ready to flow ?
But we pray that you ne'er may be pierced by the
dart
That rankles so deep in the sorrowful heart.

TO MISS ——.

CANST thou not fancy that each star,
That decks the azure arch afar,
Is one of those blest souls that gem
Jehovah's living diadem?
Canst thou not fancy *she* is there,
To both our spirits still so dear?
And that she looks with tranquil eye
From her pure mansion in the sky?
Blest star! dear is the thought to me!
Oh, would that I could thither flee,
And thus look on the world below,
This world of endless care and woe,
Thus shine with ever peaceful ray,
And smile to think myself away.

TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

THE love that knows of no decay,
However time may pass away ;
The love that lingers round thee still
Sad separation's void to fill ;
Such love my spirit doth entwine,
Firmly uniting it to thine.

E'en in thy earliest infancy
Began this love of mine for thee ;
And as I watched thee year by year,
Thou wert, if possible, more dear ;
Thy charms were viewed with joy by me,
And I forgot myself in thee.

The love that feels thy every grief,
Mourns when she cannot give relief ;
The love that prays the Power Divine
That fairest days on thee may shine ;
Such love, and more, if more can be,
Thy sister's heart bestows on thee.

And when we leave this mortal coil,
This world of wretchedness and toil,
Oh, Saviour, be our sins forgiven,
And may we meet again in heaven ;
Meet in that paradise above,
Where all is joy, where all is love.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Oh, garden of Gethsemane,
 By our Redeemer visited,
 Where is the man can speak of thee,
 Nor shrink from his own guilt with dread?

There, — there the lowly Jesus knelt
 In all the agony of prayer ;
 And the deep sufferings He felt,
 No mortal ever can declare.

Witness the anguish of His soul,
 Witness the blood upon His brow ;
 The stars, that in their courses roll,
 Ne'er looked on such a scene as now.

And all these pangs, so, so severe,
 Know, sinner, they were borne for thee :
 Then weep whene'er these words you hear,
 "The garden of Gethsemane."

The flowers were flourishing and fair,
 That bloomed in that devoted spot ;
 But oh, they bloomed unconscious there ;
 Their Maker's groans they heeded not.

And shall we just as senseless prove?
 Oh man, and can it, can it be?
 Think on thy suffering Saviour's love,
 "The garden of Gethsemane."

RELIGION.

THOUGH the joys, the delights, of the world may
 decay,
 Though the glory, the splendor, of life die away,
 Oh! still can Religion her brightness unfold,
 The clouds of adversity fringing with gold.

The diamond may charm, with its lustre, the eye,
 The ruby may glow with its rich crimson dye;
 Than the ruby more bright — than the diamond
 more fair,
 And softer, and purer, the light her beams wear.

'The lily, the rose, may their fragrance unite,
 And their graces display in the fulness of light ;
 But her beauty can shine through the darkness and
 gloom,
 And her breath is far sweeter than all their per-
 fume.

She is like to the mantle the prophet let fall —
 The Spirit on earth of the great All in All:
 Like the sun, every blessing she scatters abroad,
 For oh! 't is Religion directs us to God.



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